

## THE ARTIST'S QUEEN.

An artist once gave to the canvas a face  
That the wise came miles to see.  
A lovelight glances in eyes all a-dance  
He had caught in its subtlety.

He had given a crown to the regal one  
And knights at her command,  
But the girl-like mien was not of a queen,  
Though courtiers kissed her hand.

And the critics said, as they gazed enrapt,  
That the rank of a queen was not there,  
Though there never was such grace and  
such touch  
Or a face more delicate, fair.

And they hied to the artist and found that  
he  
Was in quarters poor and bare,  
But he held to his heart the counterpart  
Of a rustic maiden there.

—Detroit Free Press.

## THE LESSON OF LOVE.

"Yann!"  
"Excellency."  
"Here."

With bowed head and drawing one  
foot after the other slowly along the  
ground as if to show great humility, the  
favorite huntsman of Prince Horostienko  
entered the arbor where his illustrious  
master was wont to repose after eat-  
ing.

"Approach, son of a dog, and listen."  
Yann Barsouck came nearer and bent  
forward until his face touched his mas-  
ter's boot.

"Are you always sure of your hand  
and your sight?"

"God help me, yes, excellency."

"Well, you are to wander away from  
the castle, as is your habit. You must  
pretend to have lost your way. At night-  
fall enter the garden secretly, and jump-  
ing the hedge conceal yourself in your  
clump of bushes, which is directly  
in front of the window of the blue sal-  
on."

"Yes, excellency."

"The salon is sure to be lighted.  
There you will see the princess and  
Count Alexis Karagina. Watch well.  
When you see me enter the room, raise  
your gun and aim at the count."

Drawn up in his rustic chair, his face  
more wrinkled and distorted than ever  
before, the old prince spoke authorita-  
tively. His gaze was intently fixed upon  
his huntsman, in whose features no other  
sentiment was discernible save that of  
servile obedience. He continued:

"Aim at the count, but do not shoot  
at once. Before you blow out his brains  
I wish to make him understand that he  
is to die."

"Yes, excellency."

"Therefore, you will stand, your finger  
on the trigger, until I let fall a hand-  
kerchief which I shall carry in my hand.  
Then, Yann, shoot and hit your mark.  
You understand?"

"Yes, excellency."

"Go."

Yann was more than a man—he was a  
brute. Whence he came no one knew.  
From Lithuania perhaps, judging from  
his name—the only words he could  
speak when they found him, a tiny  
babe, under a bush on the highroad that  
crossed Prince Horostienko's estates.  
They left him to grow up in the court-  
yard among the servants and grooms.  
For his daily nourishment he depended  
upon the charity of the peasants and the  
scullions.

At 16 he had made a bow, with which  
he could bring down all the apples and  
pears he wanted. Never once did he  
miss his aim.

One day the prince saw Yann's arrow  
pierce the blossom of a bergamot tree,  
and he commanded him to be brought  
before him. The servant who led Yann  
to his excellency trembled. But his ex-  
cellency was in good humor. He con-  
tented himself with giving the culprit  
15 lashes, after which he was sent to  
the head huntsman, with orders that he  
was to have a uniform and a gun.

Yann retained an agreeable remem-  
brance of his master's clemency. He  
wished to show that he was grateful.  
Besides shooting was his ruling passion.  
His skill surpassed that of all the  
most renowned marksmen of his time.  
At 40 paces he could send a bullet di-  
rectly through the eye of an otter with-  
out the slightest injury to the fur. Then  
he would silently deposit the dead beast  
at his master's feet. Being repaid with  
a simple "Well done," Yann would re-  
turn to his thatched hut, surly and tacit-  
urn, without even a glance at the group  
of maidens, who, with petticoats daintily  
tucked up, washed their linen in the  
river.

He never spoke to any one. The peas-  
ants held him in awe. Evil stories were  
current about him. They may have been  
true. For Yann there was but one law  
—the word of his master; but one love  
—that for his gun.

When the evening tea had been drunk,  
the prince, making a pretext of having  
some orders to give, took leave of the  
court, his only guest that day, and hav-  
ing kissed his wife's hand withdrew to  
his own apartment.

A half hour later he went down into  
the garden.

There everything spoke of love. Op-  
pressed by the heat of the day, the plants  
and flowers had blossomed once more  
into life, filling the air with their heavy  
fragrance. The fireflies floated like  
bright emeralds on the night breeze to  
where their mates awaited them under  
the thick leaves. In the grass the crick-  
ets sang softly to their love mates of an  
hour.

The prince took a circuitous route  
and returned on the grass, so that his  
footsteps might not be heard. Drawing  
aside the heavy leaves of an elder tree:  
"Are you there? Very well. Remember  
the signal, and fire at once! In the  
count's eye, Yann—like the otter's."

"Yes, excellency."

Certainly the poor princess had strug-  
gled conscientiously to resist the ardent  
supplications of Alexis Petrovitch. But  
he was 25, and she was only 20.

The grave caresses of her husband  
suggested to the princess what the in-  
finite joys of young love might be, with  
its divine intoxication, its ardent em-  
braces. Never yet had she given her lips  
asked to her husband. Must she al-  
ways submit to his almost paternal kiss-

es? And what promises she read in the  
eyes of Alexis!

The princess did not stop to analyze  
either her preferences or her aversions.  
She loved Alexis; that was enough.  
Love at 20 has a spark of divinity in it.  
It does not even care to understand it-  
self.

One day Alexis swore to the princess  
that he would only put his lips to the  
hem of her gown, but carried on by the  
torrent of his youthful love he kissed  
her passionately. She fled to her favor-  
ite blue salon, which she never allowed  
any one to enter. There she permitted  
the count to join her.

After that they sat there whenever  
they were alone together.

So it was that, seated on a divan op-  
posite the long window, the princess  
saw kneeling before her him who was  
not yet her lover, but to whom she felt  
already that she entirely belonged.

"Ah, my life, how I love you!" he  
was saying.

His arms were about her. Drawing  
her closer to him, he sought her lips.  
She was uneasy and made as if she  
would release herself, when, suddenly  
conquered by the convulsion which rent  
her heart, she closed her eyes, and her  
lips met his.

Yann Barsouck watched. Before those  
two young creatures rapt in an ecstasy  
of love he smiled.

This love, what was it? A pit into  
which man led woman, and she ran to  
it blindly, careless of her fate.

Yann understood this love. No one  
could imitate as he could the moaning  
love lamentations of the otter to his  
mate. How many had he shot, to save  
them from their "doom," as he ex-  
pressed it.

Meanwhile, his eyes fixed on the  
count, Yann silently leveled his carbine.

Inflamed by the long, voluptuous em-  
brace and moved by the strength of his  
passion, Alexis arose. Little by little  
he pressed closer against him the slight  
form lying so unresistingly in his arms.  
With his impatient fingers he tore aside  
the silk folds of her gown.

But the princess stood erect. The  
adorable modesty of her gesture, the  
look of amazement in her eyes, accom-  
panied by so much love, so much fear,  
reminded Alexis of his promise. Fall-  
ing once more upon his knees, respect-  
fully, reverently, he laid his lips to the  
hem of her gown.

Barsouck saw all, even the look of  
mad passion with which the princess  
thanked Alexis, unconsciously promis-  
ing to repay him a hundredfold for the  
sacrifice she now imposed on him.

A veil was suddenly torn away from  
the soul of the brute. His savage na-  
ture was electrified by the ray of un-  
derstanding which penetrated his very  
heart. It was a new idea—exquisite, el-  
evating—that of woman's modesty.

Now he understood pure love.

As Alexis rose from his knees the  
prince entered. Certain of satiating his  
hatred, gloating over the horror into  
which his unexpected entrance had  
thrown them, the prince advanced de-  
liberately toward the lovers, who stood  
trembling before him. He went cau-  
tiously, like a caterpillar creeping un-  
der the petals of a flower.

Alexis threw himself in front of the  
princess. But quickly disengaging her-  
self the woman boldly confessed all.  
Then, with a superb audacity, she stood  
staring in her husband's face.

Old Horostienko was beside himself  
with rage. Grasping the handkerchief  
which was to serve as signal to Bar-  
souck, he threw it with the force of a  
blow in his wife's face.

Surprised to see the count still erect,  
he turned toward the window—and  
fell, shot through the eye.

Like the others!—Translated for San  
Francisco Argonaut from the Russian.

## An African King's Family.

The following is an extract from a  
letter written by a French lady in Sen-  
egal and published in a Paris newspaper,  
referring to a visit to King Behanzin of  
Dahomey, on board the Segond: "The  
king, followed by five wives and four  
children, of whom one is a handsome  
boy, then came forward in a silk man-  
tle striped with black and blue and  
elegantly draped. His head was bare,  
and he had on his feet sandals held on  
by crossed bands embroidered in wools  
of many colors. He smoked a large  
ebony pipe, the bowl and shank of which  
were circled with silver. His French is  
limited to bon jour and ami, and I am  
the first white woman he ever saw, and  
the sight of me astonished him. He at  
first gazed at me, then roared with  
laughter, and when he had roared till he  
was tired looked around and asked  
where my husband was. The interpreter  
having pointed him out, he took him by  
the shoulder and gave him a friendly  
shake, which was as much as to say,  
'What a lucky fellow you are!' One of  
the five wives cooks. She has lost all  
her teeth. The others stand around the  
deposed king. The children are very  
nice. Behanzin is elderly, about 55, and  
has a white head of hair. He hardly  
knows how to walk, because on account  
of his rank he has always been carried."

## The Queen Yields.

Even the queen felt herself obliged to  
yield to the storm of protests aroused  
by limiting the attendance at the annu-  
al drawing rooms. Instead, however,  
of admitting the usual crush at each oc-  
casion, she decided to give a special re-  
ception in the latter part of May, to  
which 200 who were unable to obtain  
places on the first lists will be admitted.  
Several American debutantes will profit  
by the arrangement.—London Letter.

## The Way of the Finest.

Jasper—Most policemen go on the  
theory that a man they arrest should be  
treated like a bottle of medicine.

Jumpuppu—How is that?

Jasper—He should be "well shaken  
before taken."—New York Herald.

## Paid For It.

Clerk—The gent in No. 116 says the  
rain leaked down on his bed last night  
and soaked him to the skin.

Proprietor—Charge one bath (half a  
crown) in his bill.—London Tit-Bits.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

## New York Stock Market.

New York, May 31.—The sale of  
stocks to-day fell below the 100,000  
shares mark, and of this small total  
Chicago Gas and American Sugar  
figured for about 40,000 shares. Sugar  
opened at 100, fell to 99½, rose to 101½,  
receded to 99½ and closed at 100½.  
Chicago Gas opened unchanged to 73½,  
sold up to 74½, returned to 73½, and  
left off at 73½. Jersey Central broke  
from 108 to 104, and left off at 105.  
Louisville and Nashville declined to  
44, a loss of 1½ per cent. Reading fell  
1½. Tobacco fell ½, and closed at 83½.

The decline in this stock was due to  
reports from St. Louis of the organiza-  
tion of an opposition company. The  
changes referred to constitute the most  
important movements at the board  
worthy of mention. Operators were  
not disposed to enter into new engage-  
ments pending a settlement of the tariff  
bill and the outcome of the bituminous  
coal strike. The sudden break in  
Jersey Central to 104 depressed the  
market near the close. On the board  
the decline in Jersey Central was at-  
tributed to the poor statements for April,  
but as only 1,500 shares were traded  
in the downward movement cannot be  
accepted seriously. The bond market  
was weak. Sales listed stocks, 71,000  
shares; unlisted, 28,000. Treasury bal-  
ances: Coin, \$89,866,000; currency, \$56,-  
805,000.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent.,  
last loan at 1, and closing offered at 1  
per cent. Prime mercantile paper,  
3½@4 per cent. Bar silver, 61½. Ster-  
ling exchange steady with actual busi-  
ness in bankers' bills at 487½@487½ for  
sixty days and 488½@488½ for demand;  
posted rates, 488½@489. Commercial  
bills, 486½@487. Government bonds  
steady. State bonds dull. Railroad  
bonds irregular. Silver at the board  
neglected. Norfolk and Western closed  
at 20½.

## Produce and Merchandise.

New York, May 31.—Flour weak,  
fair demand for winter, others dull;  
winter wheat, low grades, 1.85@2.50;  
patents, 2.90@3.25; Minnesota clear,  
2.25@2.65; patents, 3.25@4.10; low ex-  
tras, 1.25@2.50; Southern flour dull,  
easy; common to fair extra, 2.00@3.00;  
good to choice do, 3.00@3.50. Wheat  
dull, firmer; No. 2 red, store and ele-  
vator 57, float 57½; options closed  
steady, at ½ over Tuesday, with trad-  
ing fairly active; No. 2 red, June, 57;  
July, 58½; August, 59½.

Corn dull, firmer; No. 2, 42½ elevator,  
42½@43 float; options very dull,  
firmer; May, 44½; June, 43; July, 43½.  
Oats fairly active, firmer; options dull;  
July, 38½; September, 32; spot No. 2,  
42; No. 2 white, 44; mixed Western,  
42@43; white do., 43@47. Hay, moder-  
ately active, steady; shipping, 60@65;  
good to choice, 80@90. Wool firm,  
moderate demand. Beef dull, steady;  
family, 12@14; extra mess, 8.00@8.50;  
beef hams quiet, 18@20; tierced beef  
dull; city extra India mess, 17@18. Cut  
meats quiet, firm.

Molasses, foreign nominal; New Or-  
leans, open kettle, good to choice, 27@37,  
dull. Peanuts quiet, steady. Coffee op-  
tions barely steady, 5@15 points down;  
June, 14 75@14 85; August, 14 25@14 30;  
October, 13 45@13 55; spot Rio quiet,  
steady; No. 7, 15½. Sugar, raw, dull,  
steady; fair refining, 2½; refined dull,  
unchanged; off A, 3½@3¾; standard A,  
3 15@4½; cut loaf, 4½@4 15-16;  
crushed, 4½@4 15-16; granulated, 3 15-  
16@4½. Freights, Liverpool dull, weak;  
cotton, 3-64; grain, 1d asked.

"I HAVE two little grand children who  
are teething this hot summer weather  
and are troubled with bowel complaint.  
I give them Chamberlain's colic, cholera  
and diarrhea remedy and it acts like a  
charm. I earnestly recommend it for  
children with bowel troubles. I was  
myself taken with a severe attack of  
bloody flux, with cramps and pains in  
my stomach; one-third of a bottle of this  
remedy cured me. Within twenty-four  
hours I was out of bed and doing my  
house work—Mrs. W. L. DUNAGAN,  
Bon aqua, Hickman County, Tenn. For  
sale by The Charles Lyle Drug Com-  
pany, druggists.

## For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup has been used  
for children teething. It soothes the child, softens  
the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is  
the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a  
bottle. See Dr. Winstow's directions in the wrapper.

## Five Southern Farms Wanted.

An English real estate company wants  
five cheap Southern farms for pros-  
pective colonists. Send price and terms,  
with description of farms and improve-  
ments to EDWARD LYLE, Attorney-at-  
law, 202½ Commerce street, Roanoke,  
Va.

## German Baptist Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the German  
Baptist Brethren will be held at Meyers-  
dale, Pa., on the Pittsburgh division of  
the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, com-  
mencing May 24, 1-94.

For this occasion the Baltimore and  
Ohio Railroad Company will sell excur-  
sion tickets to Meyersdale and return  
from all stations on its system of lines  
at rate of one first-class fare for the  
round trip. From points east of and  
including Pittsburgh and Wheeling the  
tickets will be sold from May 22nd to  
28th inclusive, and will be valid for re-  
turn passage within thirty days from  
date of sale.

From points west of Pittsburgh and  
Wheeling the tickets will be sold from  
May 21st to 26th inclusive, and will be  
valid for return passage within thirty  
days from date of sale.

For time of trains, etc., address the  
nearest agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co.  
or O. P. McCarty, gen'l pass. agent, B.  
& O. S. W. R'y, St. Louis, Mo.; L. S.  
Allen, asst gen'l pass. agent, B. & O.  
R. R., Chicago, Ill.; E. D. Smith, div.  
pass. agent, B. & O. R. R., Pittsburg,  
Pa., or B. F. Bond, div. pass. agent,  
B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.; Chas.  
O. Scull, gen'l pass. agent, B. & O. R.  
R., Baltimore, Md.

## California Excursions.

The well known Phillips Excursion  
Company have arranged to run week'y  
excursions to all principal California  
and other Pacific Coast cities from all  
points on the Baltimore and Ohio rail-  
road.

The parties will leave the East on  
Wednesday of each week, commencing  
January 17th, and passengers will be  
booked through to destination. There  
are no Pacific Coast tours offering as  
good accommodations at less expense.  
For full information address A. Phillips  
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phia, or call on nearest ticket agent  
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in her history.

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throughout this beautiful valley during the  
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